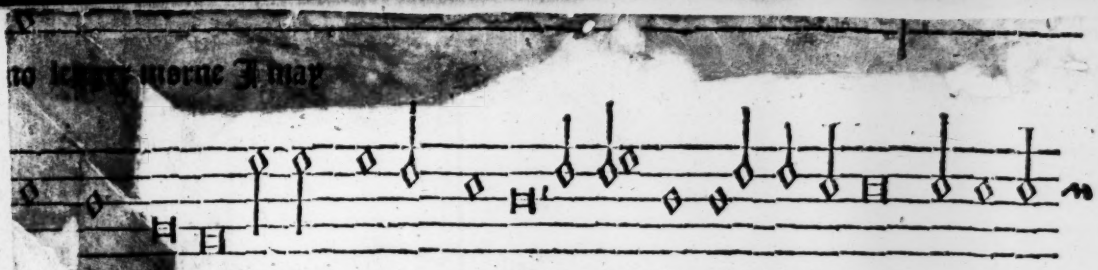
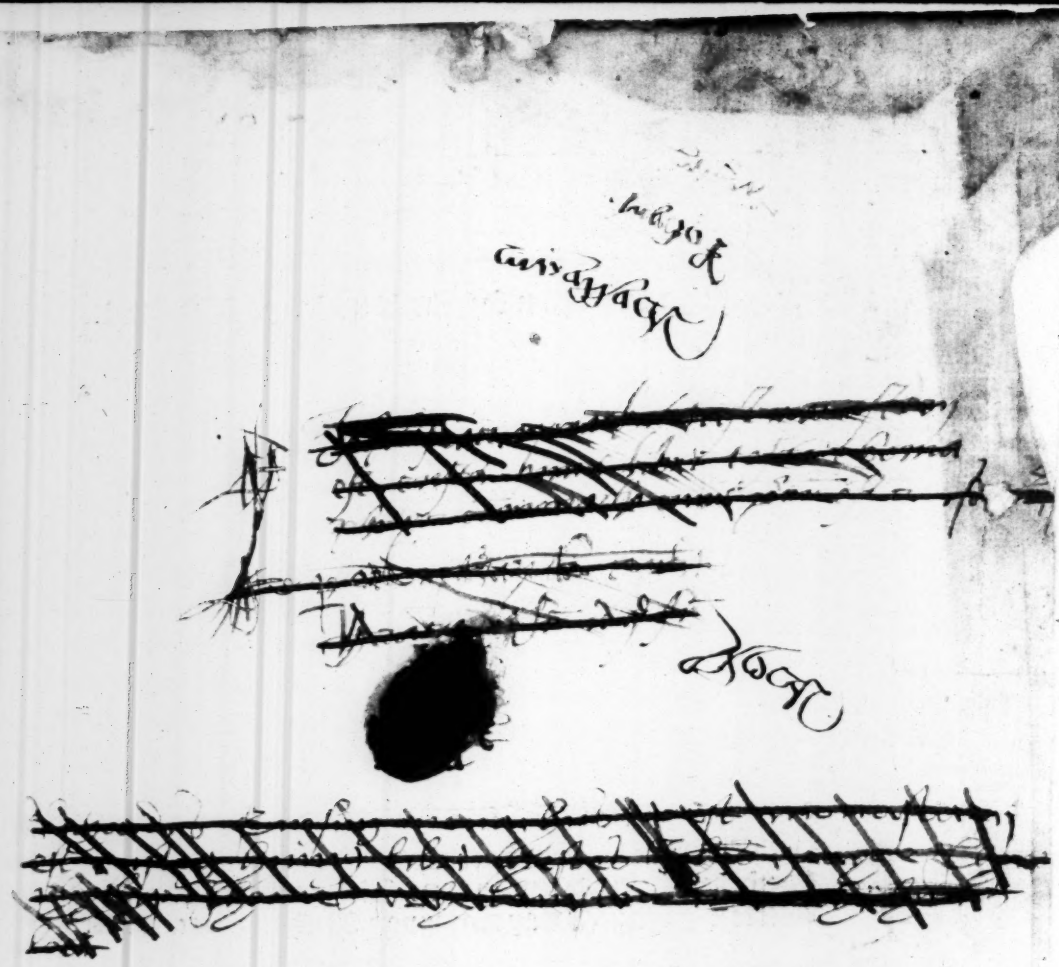


¶ Now she that I. Louyd trewly. Beryth a full fayre face
Hath chosen her. A new louer. God send her euyll grace
Syth she ys gone. Remedy none. There ys that I can sey
wherfoze I synge. A way moznynge. All thought & care a wey

¶ I woyd her. In goode maner. Gzete loue tyll her I had
This fayze womã. She letyd thã. As though she had be glade
But at the last. She pleyd a cast. And grauntyd vn to me
In wynd & wedder. To were a kether. Hyt wyll no better be

¶ At your metige. And last partynge. She gaue me a pude skozne
And saeyd that I. was a semely. Persone to were an hozne
wherfoze I sey. In ernyst & play. To mach with such a make
A thousaund fold. yet rather I wold. The deuyll had her take

¶ I haue her lost. Foz all my cost. yet foz all that I trowe
I haue pchafice. A fayze ryddaũce. And am quyt of a shrew
I sey no moze. I can no moze. The mone ys at the full
That all his lyfe. Hath a shrewde wyfe. He hath a crowe to pull



Est liber Andree ber it Welt m mꝰd
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Uta ghna at gr bss hss and

& mꝰd

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ghb ssent ghld ssi gr d ssent ssaynt